

BELL

A GIANT COMIC

25¢

the Lone Ranger

MOVIE STORY *plus*



1. ALL ABOUT THE LONE RANGER
2. TONTO'S EARLY LIFE
3. SILVER IN WILD HORSE VALLEY



PRESENTED IN WARNERCOLOR BY WARNER BROS.





When the Kilgores fear their daughter has been taken by the Indians,



A check in town reveals there are others involved in the mystery,



Then Tonto's efforts at peaceful settlement fail,



But the trouble is only half over when The Lone Ranger brings Lila safely home.



The Lone Ranger and Tonto are called in to investigate.



and The Lone Ranger has to deal with gold-hungry troublemakers as well.



and The Lone Ranger has to fight the young chief for the girl's release.

WARNER BROS.

Pictures Presents

"THE LONE RANGER"

starring
CLAYTON MOORE JAY SILVERHEELS

also starring
LYLE BETTGER BONITA GRANVILLE

with **PERRY LOPEZ**

color by **WarnerColor**

Screen Play by Herb Meadow

A Jack Whelton Production Produced by Willis Goldbeck

Directed by Stuart Heisler

Presented by Warner Bros.

the Lone Ranger

MOVIE STORY

WHEN THE FACTORIES FIRST BEGAN TO SEND THEIR CLOUDS OF SMOKE OVER THE EASTERN CITIES, AND THE FARMLANDS IN THE EAST OFFERED ONLY THE BARREST LIVING, AMERICANS TURNED THEIR FACES TOWARD THE WIDE, BOUNTIFUL RANGES OF THE WEST! WESTWARD, THE CONESTOGA WAGONS ROLLED BY THE THOUSANDS...

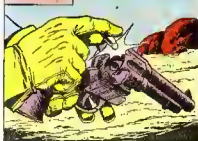
EPISODE I THE TROUBLE

THEY POURED INTO THE NEW TERRITORIES, DRIVING THEIR WAGONS OVER RUGGED MOUNTAINS AND FORDING THE MIGHTY RIVERS...



...FIGHTING WAR PAINTED INDIANS WHO BARRED THEIR WAY...

ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVED, CREATING A NEW AMERICAN BREED "...THE PIONEER!"... IN THIS FORGE, UPON THIS ANVIL, WAS HAMMERED A MAN WHO BECAME A LEGEND! STRIKING DOWN INJUSTICE AND OUTLAWRY, HIS SIGN... A SILVER BULLET...



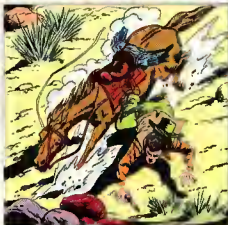
HIS FACE IS MASKED, AND, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FAITHFUL INDIAN COMPANION, HE THUNDERS ACROSS THE WEST...

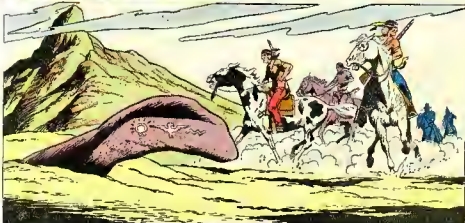
KEMO SABAY, GUNFIRE COME FROM BEYOND THAT RISE!

BANG!
BLAM!

COME ON SILVER!







DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY MASK---IT'S ON THE **SIDE OF THE LAW!**

OH, SURE!---ANYWAY, YOU'LL NOT GET MUCH! ALL I HAVE IS A SMALL HERD, AND THOSE INDIANS GURE CUT IT DOWN!



THEM CROSS RESERVATION! WE CAN'T FOLLOW-UM!

SAME OLD STORY! THEY COME ACROSS THE BOUNDARY LINE SOON AS THEY RUN OUT OF MEAT--- THEN THEY HIGH-TAIL IT BEHIND THE MARKER!



DID YOU NOTICE SOMETHING **STRANGE** ABOUT THOSE INDIANS?

UGH. THEM ALL HAVE **SADDLES!**



WHY NOT? THEY **STEAL** ENOUGH---IF **YOU** WILL EXCUSE THE WORD! WOULDN'T WANT TO INSULT THE MAN WHO JUST SAVED MY LIFE!

I TOLD YOU---I'M **NO** OUTLAW! BUT IF YOU WANT TO REPAY ME, **DON'T** MENTION HAVING SEEN ME! ---NOW SWING UP!



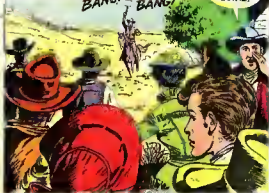
THANKS! I'LL NOT TALK ABOUT THIS! BUT YOU'D BETTER TAKE COVER FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS! WE HAVE A SHERIFF IN BRASADA WHO MEANS IT! SOME REAL HIGH MUCKYMUCKS ARE COMING OUT **THIS WAY!** MIGHT MAKE SHERIFF KIMBERLEY SORT OF EDGY!

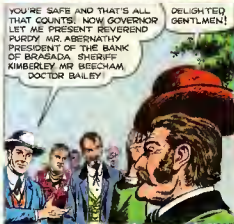


MEANWHILE, AT THE KILGORE RANCH---

HERE THEY COME!

BANG! BANG!





MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER, LILA! LILA'S A REAL **WESTERNER**--BORN HERE, RAISED HERE AND ABLE TO PROVE IT!

I EXPECTED TO FIND YOU A MUCH **OLDER** MAN, MR KILGORE! I SUPPOSE THAT WAS BECAUSE OF YOUR POSITION IN THESE PARTS---YOUR WEALTH AND INFLUENCE!



OUT HERE, WE START IN A HURRY AND KEEP SCRAMBLING! BECAUSE, LIKE NOW, A MAN'S CHANCES OF GROWING OLD MAY NOT BE TOO GOOD!---NOW, SIR, THE FOLKS'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM THE MAN WHO'S GOING TO MAKE THIS TERRITORY **A STATE!**



WHEN MR KILGORE INVITED ME HERE TO HUNT, I HAD A CHANCE TO RIDE OVER A LOT OF THIS GREAT TERRITORY! WE HAVE VAST RESOURCES! OUR DESTINY IS TO EXPAND BUT WE CAN EXPAND ONLY THROUGH STATEHOOD! BUT WE MUST **END** ANY INDIAN TROUBLE! ONLY WHEN THERE'S **PEACE** CAN WE APPLY FOR STATEHOOD!



THAT NIGHT--

GOVERNOR, I CAN'T SEE US BEING GRANTED STATEHOOD SO LONG AS **INDIAN TROUBLE** KEEPS US LOOKING LIKE A RAW FRONTIER!



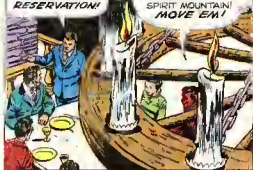
MR KILGORE, WE HAVE A DENIAL FROM THE INDIAN AGENT, MULLER---

---WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT IT? RED HAWK'S BRAVES RIDE OFF THAT RESERVATION ANY NIGHT THEY PLEASE, STEALING CATTLE AND HORSES!



WHEN A MAN FINDS HIS
BEST CALVES BUTCHERED
WITH **ARROWS** STICKING
IN THEM, IT'S TIME TO
**MOVE THE
RESERVATION!**

KILGORE'S RIGHT!
THE INDIANS HAVE
BROKEN THE TREATY
THAT GAVE 'EM THEIR
RESERVATION AROUND
SPIRIT MOUNTAIN!
MOVE 'EM!



EXCUSE ME, BOSS! LOOKS
LIKE A **MOUNTAIN
LION** IS OVER BY THE
COTTONWOOD SPRING!

GOOD!
DIDN'T I
PROMISE
YOU REAL
HUNTING,
GOVERNOR? WE'VE
GOT A BIG CAT FOR
YOU!



**I WANT TO
GO WITH
YOU!**

**NO, LILA!
HUNTING
IS NOT FOR
GIRLS!**

NOT THIS TIME,
LITTLEBIT! IN
A YEAR OR TWO
MAYBE!



I BROUGHT MRS KILGORE HERE
FROM THE EAST! SHE STILL
CAN'T GET USED TO US!
BACK EAST, LILA WOULDN'T
BE WEARING PANTS! SHE'D
LEARN TO CURTSY AND
EMBROIDER!

THAT'S SILLY
STUFF! I'M
GOING TO
BRAND A
CALF THIS
ROUNDUP!



**I'VE A BIG OUTFIT, GOVERNOR!
THIS IS THE YOUNGSTER WHO
SOMEDAY WILL RUN IT! SO I'M
RAISING HER TO BE EQUAL TO
THE JOB IN SPITE OF HER
MOTHER'S PROTESTS!**

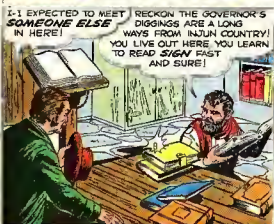
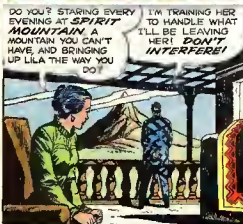


SHORTLY AFTER...

WHAT MAN?

CLIVE NOW WE'RE
ALONE, IT'S TIME I
TOLD YOU MY COMING
HERE IS PURELY A
COVER UP SO I CAN
MEET A **CERTAIN**
ALIAS





MUST WE HAVE ALL THIS MYSTERY? I'M HERE BECAUSE I FELT YOUR FRIEND, THE LONE RANGER, WAS THE ONLY MAN I COULD **TRUST** TO GIVE ME AN IMPARTIAL REPORT ON WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT HERE!

LOOKED LIKE YOU HAD PLENTY OF FRIENDS AT THE KILGORE RANCH!



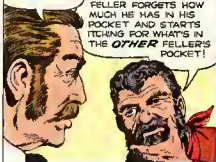
HOW DO WE POLITICIANS KNOW **WHO** IS TELLING US THE **TRUTH**? IT MAY WELL BE THAT KILGORE'S SOLUTION IS THE ONLY POSSIBLE ONE ---**MOVE** RED HAWK'S PEOPLE FURTHER NORTH, AWAY FROM CONTACT WITH THE RANGERS!

JUST MEANS BREAKING ANOTHER TREATY WITH 'EM! THAT OUGHT TO COME EASY BY NOW!



I HAVE A FEELING, THERE'S **MORE** TO THIS SITUATION THAN JUST FRICTION BETWEEN WHITE AND INDIAN!

MIGHT BE! IT'S A **RICH** TERRITORY! RICH FOR WHITE MEN, RICH FOR INJUNS! TROUBLE IS, SOMETIMES A FELLER FORGETS HOW MUCH HE HAS IN HIS POCKET AND STARTS ITCHING FOR WHAT'S IN THE **OTHER** FELLER'S POCKET!



I MUST BE ABLE TO SHOW THE CONGRESS A TERRITORY AT **PEACE** WITH ITSELF---READY TO JOIN THE UNION. THIS TERRITORY ISN'T READY YET TELL THAT TO **THE LONE RANGER**!



SAY, THIS IS A HANDSOME HORSE. I'D PAY A GOOD PRICE FOR HIM!

SILVER NOT FOR SALE!



SILVER! THAT'S THE LONE RANGER'S HORSE---
---RECKON YOU'RE PLUMB RIGHT, GOVERNOR!



Y-YOU!---BUT THE
VOICE---IT WAS THE
OLD PROSPECTOR'S...

I LEARNED A LONG TIME
AGO GOVERNOR IT'S
WISER TO KNOW SOME-
THING ABOUT A MAN
BEFORE YOU PUT YOUR TRUST
IN HIM!

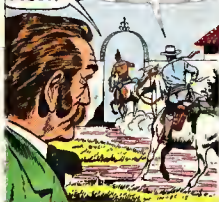


WHEN CAN I
EXPECT
TO HEAR
FROM YOU?

WHEN THERE'S NO LONGER
ANY TROUBLE AROUND
HERE---OR WHEN THERE'S
TOO MUCH! BETTER
RETURN TO THE HUNTING
PARTY! KILGORE WILL
MISS
YOU!

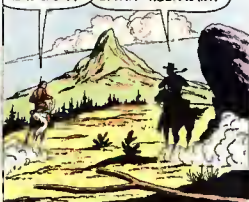


GET-UM UP,
SCOUT! COME ON SILVER!



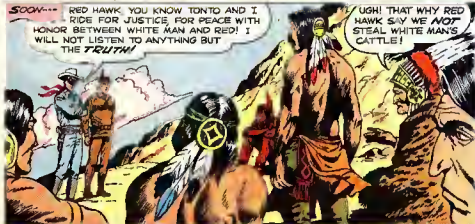
WHERE WE RIDE,
KEMO SABAY?

TO SEE RED HAWK AT
SPIRIT MOUNTAIN!



SOON--- RED HAWK, YOU KNOW TONTO AND I
RIDE FOR JUSTICE, FOR PEACE WITH
HONOR BETWEEN WHITE MAN AND RED! I
WILL NOT LISTEN TO ANYTHING BUT
THE **TRUTH!**

UGH! THAT WHY RED
HAWK SAY WE **NOT**
STEAL WHITE MAN'S
CATTLE!



YOUR **ARROWS** HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THE SLAUGHTERED CATTLE!

BRAVES NOT HARM CATTLE!



DO ANY OF YOUR WARRIORS OWN **SADDLES**?

NO!



YOUR BRAVES ARE ANGRY RED HAWK! PERHAPS THEY DO THINGS THEIR CHIEF DOES **NOT KNOW!**

YOUNG BRAVES **NOT** BREAK TREATY! THEY KNOW RED HAWK PUNISH! BETTER DIE QUICK THAN BE PUNISHED FOR BREAKING TREATY!



WE ANGRY BECAUSE WHITE MAN TALK WITH TWO TONGUES! MAKE TREATY PROMISE NOT TO GO ON SPIRIT MOUNTAIN! **BUT GO!**

ANGRY HORSE RIGHT! INDIAN GODS REST ON SPIRIT MOUNTAIN! THEM SAY NOT COME ON MOUNTAIN, NOT BREAK SLEEP OR ALL GO ON FIRE!



WHY SHOULD ANY WHITE MAN BREAK THIS TABOO? NO CATTLE STRAY THERE! RANCHERS WOULDN'T DISHONOR THE TREATY JUST TO HUNT! BUT WHO SAW THEM IF YOUR PEOPLE CANNOT GO CLOSE?

HIM SEE IN HIS MEDICINE!



IF THE MEDICINE MAN CAN SEE WHO DARES RIDE ON SPIRIT MOUNTAIN, LET HIM SEE WHO RAIDS THE RANCHES! WE DO **NOT** WANT WAR!

RED HAWK NOT UNDERSTAND WHITE MAN'S WAY OF PEACE! MEBBE BETTER **FIGHT!** MEBBE RED HAWK **FIGHT ONE LAST TIME!**



LATER IN BRASADA---



KEEP RINGING IT GOSS! WE WANT THE WHOLE TOWN TO TURN OUT!

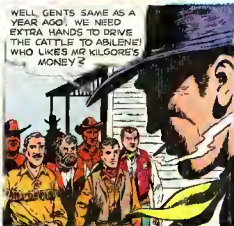


WHAT'S WRONG, SHERIFF?

LET'S FIND OUT, MULLER!



WELL, GENTS SAME AS A YEAR AGO. WE NEED EXTRA HANDS TO DRIVE THE CATTLE TO ABILENE! WHO LIKES MR KILGORE'S MONEY?



MAYBE THIS TOWN'S GETTING DEAF!...SAID I'M HIRING FOR REECE KILGORE, IF YOU'VE GOT A CASE AGAINST HIM OR ME HOLLER OUT AND I'LL HEAR IT!



SEEMS YOU'RE JUST NOT POPULAR CASSIDY!

SINCE THEY DON'T TALK UP POWDER, I'LL PICK OUT THE ONES I WANT!



YOU SLIM! CLEARLY NEEDS YOU ON THE
CHUCKWAGON! SIMSON! HASKET! JONES!
---KNUCKLES! I WANT YOU! I'VE A
LONG MEMORY!

I'M WORKING FOR THE
CIRCLE O!



YOU CAN **QUIT!** GO TELL
'EM AND GET YOUR BEDROLL!
--- YOU ROGERS!

I-I'LL GO!



YOU'VE BEEN CLEANED OUT
BY THE INDIANS, RAMIREZ!
HOW ABOUT A JOB?

I'LL DRAW REIN
WITH YOU!



IF YOU NEED A JOB
THAT BADLY PETE,
I'LL MAKE YOU
MY DEPUTY!

THANKS, KIMBERLEY,
BUT I CAN'T ASK
A GIRL TO MARRY
ME ON A DEPUTY'S
PAY AND SALLY'S
WAITED LONG ENOUGH!



CASSIDY YOU'VE BEEN
HAVING MORE BRUSHES
WITH THE INDIANS THAN
ANYONE ELSE! DRIVE
YOUR HERD AROUND THE
RESERVATION, NOT
ACROSS IT!

YOU LOCO? THAT'D
BE AN EXTRA
HUNDRED-MILE
TREK! I'M TAKING
THE SHORT CUT!



I'M WEARING THE STAR
YOU HEARD ME!

SHERIFF YOU'RE
GETTING TOO BIG
FOR YOUR BRITCHES!



YOU *CAN'T* CROSS THE
RESERVATION! THAT'S
TRESPASSING!

SO THAT'S WHAT
IT'S CALLED!



THE GOVERNMENT GRANTED THOSE
LANDS TO THE INDIANS AND MY
BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS
INTENDS TO SEE THAT THE
GRANT IS HONORED!



KIMBERLEY TAKE YOUR PAL
OUT OF MY WAY! AND STAY
JUST AS YOU ARE---HONEST,
HARD-WORKING AND
GOLDEN PURE!

TAKE THAT
OFF ME!

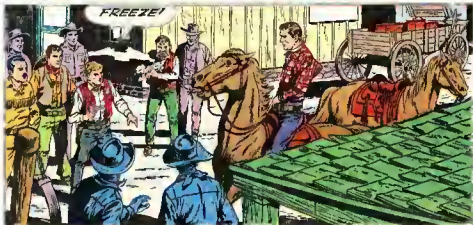


BUT WHEN YOU GET FEELING
BIGGITY, KIMBERLEY REMEM-
BER THAT IT WAS *OUR*
OUTFIT THAT *LET* YOU GET
ELECTED. THAT STAR'S
FOR PLAIN FOLKS,
NOT US---



GIVE WAY!





THIS DANG GUN IS ALWAYS GOING OFF! MAKES ME DOGGONE NERVOUS!

CASSIDY TAKE YOUR MEN AND RIDE!



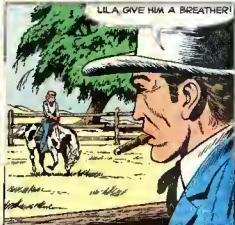
I'LL BE BACK KIMBERLEY AND I'LL **SQUARE** THINGS WITH YOU!



LATER... A TIN BADGE AND AN INDIAN AGENT TELLING ME HOW TO DRIVE CATTLE! I NEAR DIED LAUGHING!



LILA GIVE HIM A BREATHER!



SEE THAT CASSIDY? IT'S ALL IN THE WAY YOU BRING 'EM UP! RAISE 'EM LIKE BOYS, THEY'LL BE BOYS!---NOW DO AS THE SHERIFF SAID!

AND WALK A HUNDRED MILES WORTH OF MEAT OFF THOSE STEERS! NO!



CASSIDY, IT'S ONLY A FEW POUNDS OF BEEF! YOU KNOW *WHAT* YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO PICK UP FOR ME IN ABILENE! THAT'S WORTH MORE THAN ALL THE STOCK I OWN!

ALL RIGHT, BUT DON'T YELL AT ME IN FRONT OF THE MEN!



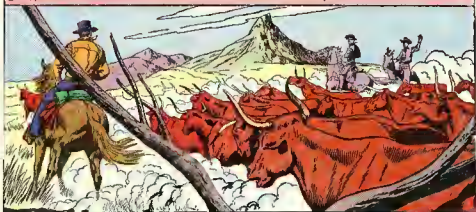
THEN DO AS YOU'RE TOLD! KEEP THIS SIDE OF THE RESERVATION! AND REMEMBER, THE REASON YOU'RE BOSSING THIS HERD IS TO GET YOU TO ABILENE FOR THAT *PACKAGE*!



NEXT MORNING, RIDING THE POINT, CASSIDY STARTS THE LARGE HERD NORTH---



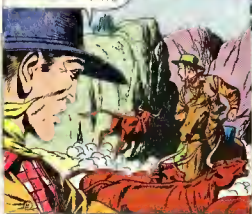
SWINGING WIDE OF SPIRIT MOUNTAIN AND THE RESERVATION, THE HERD SWEEPS ON---



ACROSS THE PLAINS AND FORDS, THE HERD ADVANCES TOWARD MARKET---



RAMIREZ GET HIM!



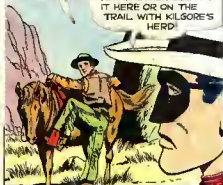
HEY THAT'S KILGORE'S STOCK. YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR ROPE OFF HIM!

I CAUGHT HIM SO WE'D HAVE A CHANCE TO TALK PETE. YOU SAID TO CALL ON YOU ANY TIME I NEEDED A **FAVOR!**



YOU AFTER SOMEBODY AROUND HERE?

AFTER **INFORMATION!** BUT I CAN'T TELL YET WHETHER I'LL FIND IT HERE OR ON THE TRAIL WITH KILGORE'S HERD!



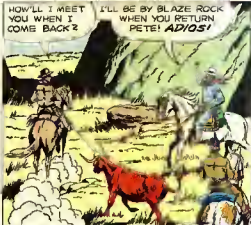
IF THERE'S ANY TROUBLE, IT'LL BE **CASSIDY** WHO STARTS IT! WHEN HE ISN'T BULLING SOMEBODY AROUND HE ISN'T LIVING!

I WANT YOU TO WATCH HIM AND TELL ME EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS ON THE DRIVE! IF YOU SEE ANYTHING **UNUSUAL**—LIKE **SADDLED** INDIAN PONIES, REMEMBER IT! I'D LIKE TO FIND THOSE INDIANS!



HOW'LL I MEET YOU WHEN I COME BACK?

I'LL BE BY BLAZE ROCK WHEN YOU RETURN PETE! **ADIOS!**



SHORTLY AFTER--- CASSIDY WE'RE PICKING UP OLD MAN KIMBERLEY'S COWS! THEY'RE GETTING **MIXED IN WITH OURS!**

YOU DON'T TELL ME!



LISTEN, CASSIDY THE
SHERIFF'S OLD MAN IS
POOR ENOUGH WITHOUT
US PICKING HIS
BONES CLEAN!

IF A THING'S GOT HORNS
ON IT, IT'S BEEF, AND IT'S
GOING WITH US!
WE'LL CHECK HIS BRANDS
AT ABILENE AND GIVE HIM HIS
MONEY ON THE WAY BACK!

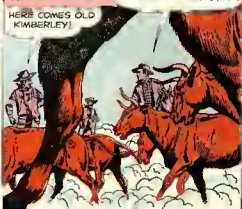


I'LL BE THERE TO
SEE THAT IT
HAPPENS.

MINUTES LATER...

KEEP THE COWS MOVING!

HERE COMES OLD
KIMBERLEY!



YOU GOT **MY** CATTLE
IN THAT HERD?

WHY MR. KIMBERLEY
WOULD **WE** TAKE
YOUR COWS?



YOU POLECAT RUSTLER
THERE'S ONE OF MY
CIRCLE R BRAND
STEERS NOW!

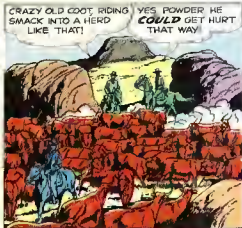
WHOA!---DON'T MAKE
TROUBLE OLD MAN!
GO HOME!



LET GO!

YEOOW!





THIS'LL REALLY
STAMPEDE 'EM!

BANG!



HE-HELP---



SECONDS LATER---

WHAT HAPPENED? WHO
STARTED THE SHOOTING!

AN INDIAN! DIDN'T
YOU SEE HIM? MADE
THE WHOLE HERD
BOLT!



AN INDIAN?

YES! GOT AWAY! BUT
IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT
OLD KIMBERLEY!



HE *DIDN'T*
BELIEVE US
CASSIDY!

ONCE WE HIT ABILENE HE'LL
NOT BE ABLE TO BELIEVE
ANYTHING!



MEANWHILE, AT THE BOTTOM OF SPIRIT MOUNTAIN---

RED HAWK
SPEAK TRUTH, KENO
SABAY! **WHITE MEN**
RIDE HERE! INDIAN
PONIES NOT WEAR
SHOES!

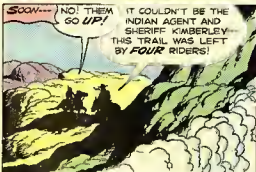


WE'VE SEEN INDIAN PONIES WITH **SADDLES**, TONTO! LET'S SEE IF THE TRAIL TURNS BACK AT THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN!



SOON--- NO! THEM
GO UP!

IT COULDN'T BE THE
INDIAN AGENT AND
SHERIFF KIMBERLEY--
THIS TRAIL WAS LEFT
BY **FOUR RIDERS!**



SUDDENLY, FROM THE CLOUD-SHROUDED
PEAK, THUNDER RUMBLES---

SPIRITS WHO LIVE ON
MOUNTAIN, THEM
GIVE **WARNING!**



WE FOLLOW-UM UP?
TONTO NOT LIKE
TO DO!

NO, TONTO! WE'VE
NO RIGHT TO
VIOLATE THE
INDIAN TABOO! THE
MOUNTAIN IS SACRED
TO RED HAWK'S
PEOPLE! WE'LL
TURN BACK!



---SPIRITS OR MEN?--- BUT IT
IS A WARNING, TONTO! THE
SKY'S GETTING DARK AROUND
HERE! WE CAN EXPECT A
STORM OF TROUBLE!





THE LONE RANGER



HIS NAME

When the Cavendish gang terrorized the ranches and settlements in the early days of Texas, The Lone Ranger was one of five Rangers who rode against them under the command of his older brother, Captain Dan Reid. Trailing the gang, the Texans were tricked by one of the outlaws who posed as a frightened prospector and led them into an ambush at Bryant's Gap. There, under the outlaws' withering fire, only the badly-wounded younger Reid brother lived.

Tonto found him that evening and took him to a nearby cave, where he nursed him back to health. It was not the first time they had met. Many years before the young Texan had saved Tonto's life. At that time, Tonto called him KEMO SABAY, the Indian name for Trusty Scout.

Then, lying in the cave, his wounds healing, he swore to bring to justice the outlaws who had slain his brother and fellow lawmen. He was the sole surviving Ranger, the only Ranger left of that proud band of six Texas Rangers, and out of that fact came his new name. He was truly . . . The Lone Ranger.



THE LONE RANGER



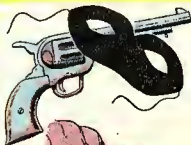
HIS MASK

To most people a black eye mask means an outlaw. But, in The Lone Ranger's case, his mask stands for a mysterious lawman.

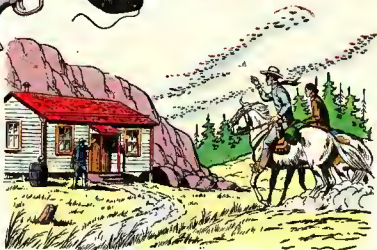
When The Lone Ranger left the cave where Tonto had helped restore him to his former strength, he found six graves outside. But Tonto had buried only five Rangers in those graves. He had made the sixth grave so that if the outlaws who had attacked the Texas Rangers returned, they would think no one had escaped their ambush and would not try to track down the one surviving Ranger.

So that all outlaws would believe he was buried in that empty grave and never know the identity of their relentless foe, The Lone Ranger donned his famous black mask.

Now, his true name known to but a handful of men, The Lone Ranger carries on his fight for law and order, knowing his is the one mask that strikes fear, not in the hearts of law-abiding settlers, but in the hearts of the lawless.



THE LONE RANGER



HIS MINE

Before starting out to track down the Cavendish gang, The Lone Ranger and Tonto made one stop—at a small cabin in a remote section of the hills. To all eyes, the cabin seemed normal enough, backing as it did against the rising mountainside. But behind the cabin's rear door was a cleverly-hidden entrance to a secret mine!

Shortly before he and his brother Dan rode into the fateful ambush at Bryant's Gap, they had discovered a rich vein of silver. They tunneled into the mountainside and then built their cabin.

After his brother's death, The Lone Ranger returned to the mine. Taking the silver he needed for his immediate requirements and for his bullets, he left the mine in the care of an old family friend named Jim. The Lone Ranger knew Jim was a proven guardian, for he was a retired Texas Ranger.

Now, The Lone Ranger returns to his mine and Jim whenever he has need of money for supplies or of more silver bullets for his guns.



THE LONE RANGER

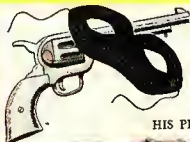


HIS BULLETS

When The Lone Ranger first donned his mask and rode off from his mine with Tonto, on the trail of the Cavendish gang, in his gunbelt there gleamed a row of silver bullets.

No other rider in the west loads his guns with bullets of silver and The Lone Ranger deliberately chose those unique bullets for his own. He wanted them to represent a shining symbol of justice by law. He knew that, in time, word would spread of the masked rider's unusual bullets. Then the sight of a silver bullet would tell a lawman that help was nearby and warn an outlaw that his defeat was inevitable.

Each of his .45 bullets is individually molded. And each of his solid silver bullets contains enough of the bright metal to make two silver dollars.



THE LONE RANGER

HIS PISTOLS



One by one, The Lone Ranger brought the members of the Cavendish gang to justice in a determined chase that led him far across the west. Then word quickly spread of the masked rider, fighting on the side of the law, whose guns blazed fast and accurately. Soon the masked man's marksmanship became legendary and his Colts were feared by every outlaw in the West.

Ready in his holsters, The Lone Ranger carries two perfectly-matched Colt Peacemakers. These .45 caliber pistols, with their five-inch barrels, have handsome ivory handles and are silver plated. Like most westerners, The Lone Ranger prefers the single-action pistol to the faster but less accurate double-action six-gun. To fire his single-action pistol, The Lone Ranger first has to cock the hammer with his thumb. Then he squeezes the trigger. The Colt Peacemaker does not break, and to load it The Lone Ranger pushes his silver bullets through a special port at the rear of the cylinder.

Time after time, The Lone Ranger's lightning draw and his accuracy with his Colt Peacemakers have meant another victory for the forces of law and order.



THE LONE RANGER

HIS NEPHEW



In Captain Dan Reid's dying words at Bryant's Gap, he asked his younger brother to promise to look after his wife and small son, who were coming West.

One of the first things The Lone Ranger did when he recovered from his wounds was to search for his brother's family. But their wagon train had been ambushed by Apaches. Linda Reid had seen only one chance to save her small son, Oan—she had hidden him in the false bottom of a trunk and pushed her wagon off from the circle of wagons caught in the Indians' deadly fire.

Thirteen years later, in the northwest border country, a young boy raced into The Lone Ranger's camp, seeking help for his grandmother. The masked man and Tonto quickly captured some raiders who were attacking Grandma Frisby's cabin. But the old pioneer lady knew she was dying. She told the boy she wasn't his real grandmother. She had escaped from an Indian attack years before and had seen his mother hide him in a trunk from which she rescued him. Then she showed the boy, Dan, a locket containing his parents' pictures. The Lone Ranger recognized the pictures—they were of his brother and sister-in-law. At last he had found his nephew! His promise would be kept.



THE LONE RANGER

HIS CLOTHES

Whether he is racing across the plains on the trail of outlaws or making a peaceful camp with Tonto, The Lone Ranger's clothes, like those of all hard-working westerners, must stand up against rugged wear and still be comfortable.

His white Stetson hat, deriving its name from the John B. Stetson Company of Philadelphia, where it originated, is made of a good grade of felt. It keeps the brilliant western sun from his eyes and the rain from his face, while still retaining its shape.

The Lone Ranger's gloves are not heavy, long gauntlets. They are wrist length and soft enough to allow him free play of his hands when he uses his guns or his rope. They protect his hands from rope burn and rough work.

Like all westerners, The Lone Ranger takes pride in his boots. Since he must spend long hours in the saddle, his boots' fit and quality are of the utmost importance. His handsome boots are made from the finest leather. Their narrow toe makes it easy for him to slip his feet into his stirrups while the high heels keep the boots from slipping all the way through Silver's stirrups.



THE LONE RANGER



HIS RIFLE

Once, in a fight against rustlers in Cedar Canyon, The Lone Ranger and Tonto found themselves pinned down by the outlaws' accurate rifle fire. The Lone Ranger's Colts blazed ineffectively—the range was too great for his pistols. Then he drew his Winchester repeater from its saddle holster and the fight quickly turned against the cattle thieves.

The Winchester was designed to answer the westerner's need for a rifle that could be fired from the saddle without having to stop to reload if outnumbered by attacking Indians. Loaded through the side of the breech, the long magazine under the barrel holds plenty of ammunition. By pushing the lever down and forward, the old cartridge case is ejected, a new bullet put into the firing position and the rifle hammer is cocked—all in one motion.

Many times, the rifle's distant accuracy and rapid firing power has helped The Lone Ranger out of a dangerous situation.



THE LONE RANGER

HIS FAME



Born and raised in Texas, The Lone Ranger became thoroughly familiar with his native state when he rode as a Texas Ranger. Then, after the ambush at Bryant's Gap, as the masked champion of law and order, he roamed the entire west.

From the southernmost border of our country, where he stopped gun smuggling along the Rio Grande, to the cool timberlands of the northwest, where he found his nephew, Dan Reid, The Lone Ranger has journeyed across the West. From the Mississippi to the Californian coast, from the dry, hot badlands to the green, fertile Wild Horse Valley that was Silver's home, The Lone Ranger is familiar with all the grandeur of the American West.

In the course of his travels he has met and helped many men. State and Territorial Governors have welcomed him at their mansions. Humble prospectors have been proud of his company at their lonely campfire. At more than one Army post, the commandant recalls the masked man whose cool daring saved his troops in an Indian fight. Many a lawman admits he'd never have brought his toughest outlaw to justice but for the masked man's help. Across the length and breadth of the West, the highest official and the simplest settler have spread The Lone Ranger's fame!



THE LONE RANGER



HIS DISGUISES

A masked man is always certain to attract attention and, as a man dedicated to keeping his true identity secret, The Lone Ranger is often faced with the problem of coming into contact with people without becoming the center of attention. Disguise is the answer.

Early in his career, he learned the importance of disguise. His mask off, but disguised as a simple Mexican peon, The Lone Ranger once ventured into an outlaw-controlled town. There, by listening carefully, he learned enough to help the marshal's posse to slip into town and arrest the outlaws. Once, the sleepy cowboy on a train destined to be held up, suddenly turned into a master gunfighter as the unsuspecting train robbers entered the disguised Lone Ranger's car.

The Lone Ranger always carries some makeup and clothes for his disguises in his saddlebag. Occasionally, when he must improvise a disguise, he uses clay and herbs for artificial coloring. But behind all the innumerable disguises is the true face of a man determined to bring justice by law to the West!

the Lone Ranger

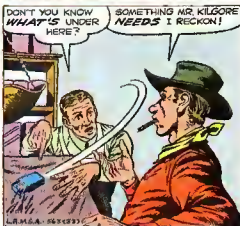
MOVIE
STORY

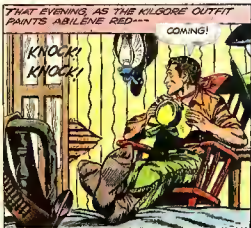
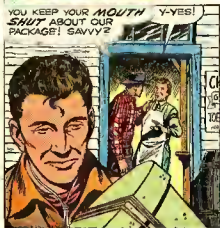
WEST TEXAS
RAILROAD

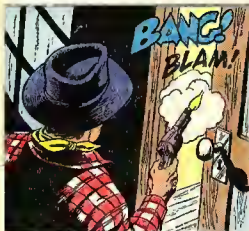
AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO
WAIT NEAR SPIRIT MOUNTAIN, CASSIDY
PUSHES THE HERD INTO ABILENE ---

EPISODE II THE FIRST SHOTS

THE TALLY SHEETS CHECKED OFF, CASSIDY
MAKES AN IMPORTANT CALL ---

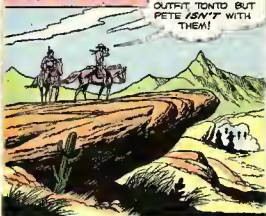






LATER, BY BLAZE ROCK---

THAT'S THE KILGORE
OUTFIT, TONTO BUT
PETE *ISN'T* WITH
THEM!



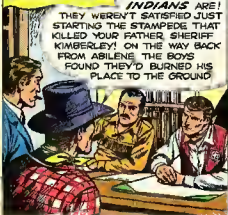
I'LL REMAIN HERE IN
CASE PETE SHOWS UP
LATER! MEANWHILE, RIDE
TO BRASADA, WHERE
THEY'RE HEADING AND
SEE WHAT YOU CAN
LEARN!

GET-UM UP,
SCOUT!



SHORTLY AFTER---

YOU KNOW HOW
INDIANS ARE!
THEY WEREN'T SATISFIED JUST
STARTING THE STAMPEDE THAT
KILLED YOUR FATHER, SHERIFF
KIMBERLEY! ON THE WAY BACK
FROM ABILENE THE BOYS
FOUND THEY'D BURNED HIS
PLACE TO THE GROUND



CASSIDY WHAT PROOF
HAVE YOU THEY
WERE INDIANS?

MULLER YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE AN INDIAN
COULD DO BAD EVEN
IF HE SCALPED YOU!
YOU'D SAY IT WAS COOLER
THAT WAY!



WHERE IS PETE RAMIREZ?
WHY ISN'T HE HERE
TELLING ME THIS?

PETE QUIT COLD
IN ABILENE! I
PAID HIM OFF
THERE!



PETE?-- BUT
HE WAS TO GET
MARRIED
HERE!

MR. KILGORE, WHEN THE
BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS
SENT ME HERE, THEY TOLD
ME TO REMEMBER IT'S THE
WHITE MAN WHO'S DOING THE
PUSHING! ONLY THE **WHITE**
MAN HAS ANYTHING TO
GAIN!



HOW DOES THAT
APPLY TO **ME**
MULLER?

I JUST WANT TO
POINT OUT THAT MOST
OF THAT FEELING
AGAINST THE INDIANS
IS BEING STIRRED UP BY
YOUR HIRED HANDS
WITH THEIR REPORTS
OF TROUBLE!



I'LL FIX THAT
INDIAN-LOVING---

---EASE OFF, CASSIDY! MULLER
AND KIMBERLEY ARE CLOSER
THAN FLEAS ON A DOG! GUESS
THAT EXPLAINS WHY NO POSSE
OF KIMBERLEY'S EVER CAUGHT
A REDSKIN! WELL, IF KIMBERLEY
CAN'T PROTECT THIS COUNTY,
THE **RANCHERS** WILL!

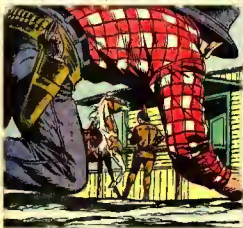


LOOK AT THIS!--NOW
THEY CAME TO TOWN
WEARING GUNS!

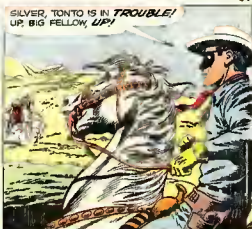
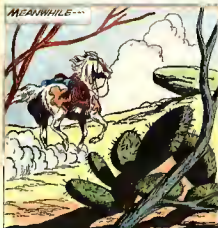


**THROW HIM BACK ON
THE RESERVATION!**



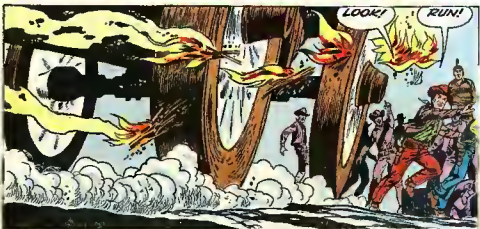
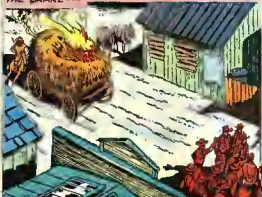


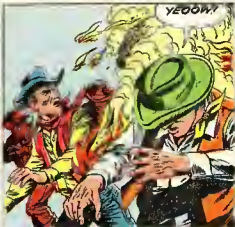






AS ALL EYES TURN TOWARD TONTO, THE LONE RANGER UNHITCHES THE TEAM AND RELEASES THE BRAKE---





THAT'S ALL, EVERYBODY!
THERE'S HALF A POUND OF
SLUGS IN THIS!
QUIET DOWN!



KIMBERLEY, DID YOU
SEE WHO HELPED HIM
GET AWAY? A **MASKED
MAN**--- A ROAD
AGENT! **SHERIFF,**
YOU'RE ON THE
WRONG SIDE!

I'M A PEACE
OFFICER AND I
WAS FOOL
ENOUGH TO LET
MY PERSONAL
FEELINGS AGAINST
INDIANS SLOW ME
DOWN! BUT MY BADGE
SAYS NOBODY---INDIAN
OR WHITE---GETS MOB
JUSTICE! NOW, **CLEAR
OUT!**



AT CAMP TONTO TELLS WHAT HE LEARNED IN TOWN---

NEITHER CASSIDY NOR KILGORE SAID *WHY* PETE DECIDED TO STAY AROUND ABILENE?

SAY ONLY HIM ASK FOR PAY. BUT HIM GOT GIRL HERE! SAY HIM BE MARRIED SOON



I'M GOING TO ABILENE!

TONTO GO, TOO!



NO TONTO! GO TO CHIEF RED HAWK! I'LL WANT YOU TO WATCH THINGS AT HIS TRIBE TILL I RETURN! ---COME ON SILVER!



ONCE IN ABILENE, THE LONE RANGER SOON FINDS OUT WHO WAS AMONG THE LAST TO SEE PETE RAMIREZ---

ARE YOU *SURE* IT WAS HIM?

POSITIVE! CASSIDY WAS CHECKING SOME SUPPLIES AND THIS COWPUNCHER CAME IN! I HEARD CASSIDY MENTION HIS NAME ---RAMIREZ!



THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

HE LOOKED FOR A SECOND AT WHAT WAS UNDER THE TARPULIN---A AT WHAT CASSIDY BOUGHT! THEN PAID FOR A WOMAN'S BONNET AND LEFT!



WHAT *WAS* UNDER THAT TARPULIN?

ER-SUPPLIES--- ST-STUFF!



WHAT KIND
OF "STUFF"?

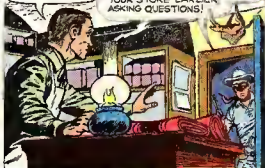
THAT'S BETWEEN ME AND
MR. KILOORE, WHO
ORDERED IT! DON'T
COME AROUND ASKING ME
ABOUT MY CUSTOMER'S
PRIVATE BUSINESS!
GET!



THAT NIGHT AS THE STOREKEEPER CLOSES
THE FRONT DOOR, TURNS DOWN THE LIGHTS
AND STARTS FOR THE BACK SUDDENLY--

D-DON'T **SHOOT!**

THERE WAS A PROSPECTOR IN
YOUR STORE EARLIER
ASKING QUESTIONS!



I DIDN'T TELL
HIM ANYTHING

WHAT DIDN'T YOU TELL
HIM?



I DIDN'T TELL HIM
ABOUT THE **DYNAMITE!**

DYNAMITE?

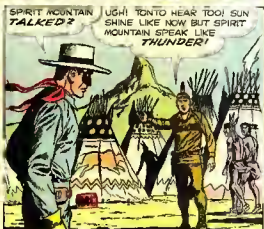
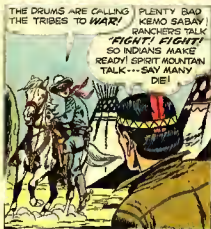
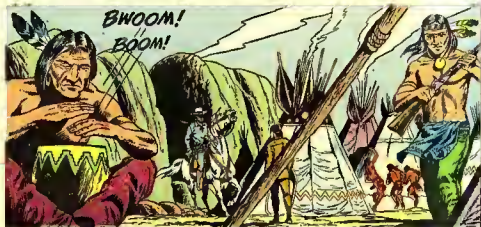


THERE--YOU GOT IT OUT OF ME!
AND IF CASSIDY SENT YOU TO TEST
ME, TELL HIM I NEVER ASKED TO
HANDLE THE DOGGONE STUFF!
WHY DIDN'T KILGORE ORDER IT
IN HIS OWN TOWN? WHY'S IT
SO **SECRET?**



LATER--





THERE MUST BE NO
MORE TALK OF WAR!

UGH! TALK NOT GOOD---
MAKE WARRIOR WEAK!
RED HAWK TALK ALL
TIME! ANGRY HORSE ACT!



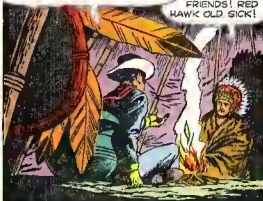
HOW, RED HAWK, --- WILL
MY FRIEND RED HAWK
PROMISE TO KEEP THE
PEACE UNTIL I CAN DO
CERTAIN THINGS? I
MUST HAVE TIME!

ANGRY HORSE
SAY HIM FIGHT
NOW!



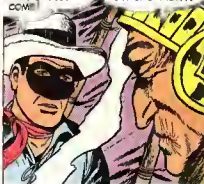
HE WANTS WAR SO HE CAN LEAD
YOUR BRAVES AND BECOME CHIEF!

MANY YOUNG
BRAVES HIS
FRIENDS! RED
HAWK OLD SICK!



BUT VERY WISE! RED
HAWK KNOWS WHAT
WILL HAPPEN IF
WAR SHOULD
COM.

IF WAR COME
RED HAWK BE
INDIAN! MAKE
STRONG FIGHT!



LATER THAT DAY---



THERE INDIANS WHO HAVE
SADDLES! SAME AS
ONES WE SAW
ATTACK PETE

THEY'LL PASS BELOW
US, LET'S RIDE
TONTO!

**GET-UM
UP, SCOUT!**

**COME ON,
SILVER!**

AND SUDDENLY---

THAT EVENING---

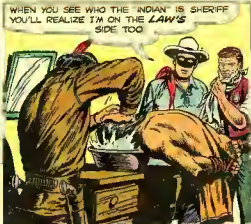
WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE?

**YOU! I WAS WONDERING WHEN
I'D SEE YOU AGAIN! GET 'EM
HIGH!**

PERHAPS THIS **SILVER BULLET** WILL TELL YOU WHAT MY MASK **REALLY** MEANS



WHEN YOU SEE WHO THE "INDIAN" IS SHERIFF YOU'LL REALIZE I'M ON THE **LAW'S** SIDE TOO



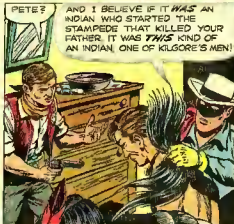
WHAT IN BLAZES! H-HE WORKS FOR **KILGORE!**--- WHOSE IDEA WAS IT?

THEY'LL NOT TALK! WE'VE TRIED! BUT IT WAS **KILGORE'S!** I WENT TO ABILENE AND LEARNED RAMIREZ DIDN'T QUIT, HE WAS KILLED!



PETE?

AND I BELIEVE IF IT **WAS** AN INDIAN WHO STARTED THE STAMPEDE THAT KILLED YOUR FATHER, IT WAS **THIS** KIND OF AN INDIAN, ONE OF **KILGORE'S** MEN!

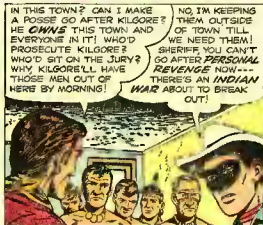


THIS IS NO TIME TO THROW DOWN YOUR BADGE! IT'S THE TIME TO **WEAR IT!**



IN THIS TOWN? CAN I MAKE A POSSE GO AFTER KILGORE? HE **OWNS** THIS TOWN AND EVERYONE IN IT! WHO'D PROSECUTE KILGORE? WHO'D SIT ON THE JURY? WHY, KILGORE'LL HAVE THOSE MEN OUT OF HERE BY MORNING!

NO, I'M KEEPING THEM OUTSIDE OF TOWN TILL WE NEED THEM! SHERIFF, YOU CAN'T GO AFTER **PERSONAL REVENGE** NOW--- THERE'S AN **INDIAN WAR** ABOUT TO BREAK OUT!



WE MUST EXPOSE KILGORE AND CASSIDY AS THE **TROUBLEMAKERS** AND PUT THEM BEHIND BARS! BUT WE'LL NEED A FEDERAL WARRANT AND A FEDERAL MARSHALL TO SERVE IT!

WASHINGTON'S A LONG WAY OFF!

THE **GOVERNOR** IS MUCH NEARER! I'LL GIVE YOU A LETTER TO HIM! WHILE YOU RIDE TO THE CAPITOL, I'LL TRY TO KEEP THE INDIANS AND RANCHERS APART!

MISTER, I REALIZE **WHO** YOU ARE NOW! BUT THAT'S A MIGHTY BIG JOB ---EVEN FOR YOU!



MEANWHILE--- PACK LILA'S THINGS! THERE'LL BE TROUBLE AND I WANT HER OUT IN THE MORNING! THAT'LL BE THE **LAST CHANCE** TO GET OUT!

PACK ONLY **HER** THINGS?



YES--UNLESS YOU WANT TO RUN OUT AND LEAVE ME HERE TO FACE THINGS ALONE!

FOR LILA'S SAKE WE MUST CONSIDER OUR SAFETY, TOO--

BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE STAYING--I WOULDN'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU!

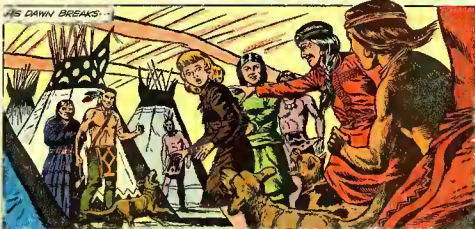


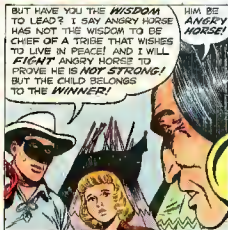
NEXT MORNING--- WHY DO I HAVE TO GO? WHY CAN'T I STAY IF THERE'S GOING TO BE **EXCITEMENT**? WEAR THIS LILA! IT'S MY VERY BEST!



THAT EVENING---







A SQUAW CAN FIGHT WITH WEAPONS! DO I NEED WEAPONS TO FIGHT A BRAVE WHO MAKES WAR ON CHILDREN?



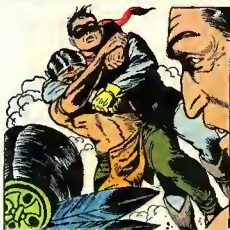
NOW WE FIGHT!



SLAY THE WHITE MAN!

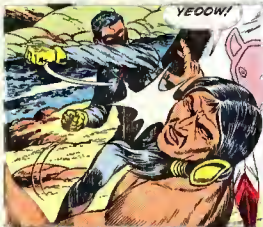


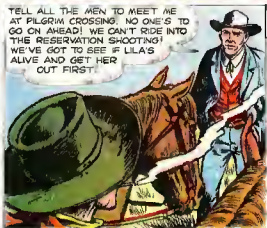
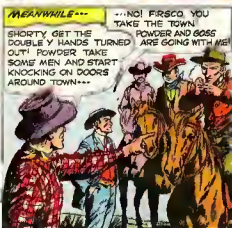
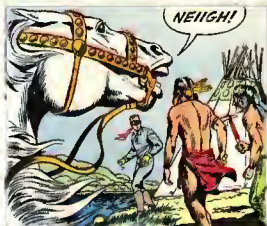
TAKE HIM, ANGRY HORSE!

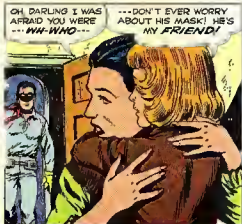
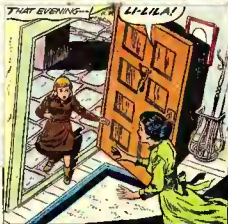


OWW!









QUICKLY, LILA TELLS OF HER RESCUE AND THE LONE RANGER'S ATTEMPT TO KEEP PEACE---

THE INDIANS WILL HAVE TO FIGHT! REECE IS OUT TO EXTERMINATE THEM! I DON'T KNOW WHY---MAYBE IT'S TO GET THEIR LAND! AT FIRST, HE WAS ANGRY THINKING THAT SPIRIT MOUNTAIN, WITHIN SIGHT OF HIS RANCH, BELONGED TO SOMEONE ELSE---INDIANS!

YOU SAID "AT FIRST"?



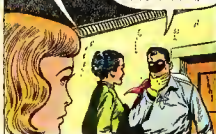
YES NOW HE WANTS TO OWN SPIRIT MOUNTAIN! HE AND CASSIDY HAVE TAKEN DYNAMITE THERE, PROBABLY TO CLOSE THE OLD TUNNELS THEY FOUND, SO IF HE TURNS THE LAND OVER TO CATTLE GRAZING NO STEER WILL WANDER INTO A TUNNEL!

TUNNELS?



REECE HAD BEGUN TO WONDER WHY THE MOUNTAIN WAS TABOO TO THE INDIANS! HE AND CASSIDY RODE UP AND FOUND ANCIENT TUNNELS!

YES I REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT THIS WHEN I WAS A BOY! TUNNELS DUG BY A LOST RACE! BUT NOT EVEN THE INDIANS KNOW MUCH ABOUT THEM!



MINUTES LATER---

TONTO TAKE MRS. KILGORE AND LILA TO THE MISSION! THEN FOLLOW ME! KILGORE HAS GONE TO SPIRIT MOUNTAIN TO GET DYNAMITE---THEN HE PLANS TO ATTACK THE RESERVATION!





HIS TRIBE

Tonto was born a Potawatomi. His tribe originally came from Wisconsin and was of the mighty Algonquin stock. The strange name of Tonto's tribe means fire-makers—recalling the time long ago, when the Potawatomis left the Ojibways to make their own council fire and establish themselves as a separate tribe.

Although Tonto was the son of a chief, he was carried on a papoose board by his mother like all other Indian babies. Strapped to her back, he went with her as she and other squaws gathered the main food of the Potawatomis—wild rice. When he could walk, he would follow his father to the council, sensing, even then, the duties of a chief. From his father, he learned woodcraft, how to read signs of the trail and how to draw a bow. As soon as he could swim, he was allowed to help paddle his father's birchbark canoe, for the Potawatomis were skilled canoeists, hunting fish and fowl from their swift, light boats. In the camp of the Potawatomis, Tonto reached manhood.

But now, the council fire of the Potawatomis is extinguished. Tonto is the last of his once mighty tribe.



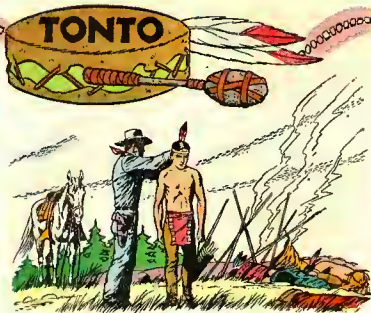
HOW HIS TRIBE FELL

When Tonto reached his fourteenth summer, there had long been peace between the Potawatomis and the Sioux. Armed with a bow, arrows and a knife, Tonto left camp to win his place at the Council of the Braves. He had to prove he could survive in the woods alone.

But, on his first night out, a Sioux scout saw his campfire. Quickly, Tonto was surrounded by war-painted Sioux. The war party leader was a young chief, who said although his father and Tonto's father had smoked the peace pipe together, now that he was chief, he was no longer bound by his father's pledge. In vain, the Sioux tried to make Tonto reveal how many braves were in the Potawatomi camp. But the Sioux chief spared him—Tonto would be taken along at dawn to witness the attack and then be slain after all his people were defeated.

During the night Tonto managed to cut his bonds and escape. Desperately, he raced on foot to warn his unsuspecting people of the coming attack. But, before he could reach his tribe, Sioux riders struck him down, leaving him for dead.

When he came to, badly wounded, Tonto saw only the Sioux war party moving from the Potawatomi camp. None of his people survived that treacherous attack.



HIS RED FEATHER

When Tonto set out to prove he was ready to join the Council of the Braves, he knew if he succeeded he would be allowed to wear a red feather symbolizing courage. Just before he left camp, his father had shown him his own war bonnet, explaining how courage need not be proved in battle, for he had won his first red feather when he passed his test of manhood.

After the Sioux attack, as Tonto regained consciousness, he saw the Sioux chief standing over his fallen father, his scalping knife drawn. Wounded, alone against great odds, Tonto raced into camp. He beat down the Sioux chief, but, almost immediately, a dozen braves jumped him. Suddenly, a Colt cracked. Its fast, accurate fire sent the Sioux galloping off.

Tonto turned and saw his rescuer was a Texan—a young boy destined to be his great friend, The Lone Ranger. When the Texan heard Tonto's story, he took a red feather from the fallen Potawatomi chief's war bonnet and placed it in Tonto's headband. For the young Texan knew Tonto had proven that he had the courage of a brave. He had more than earned his red feather!



HIS NEW CHIEF

When Tonto and the young Texan rode from the silent ruins of the Potawatomi camp, a bond of friendship had been forged between them. But soon their roads parted. The Texan galloped on to his ranch, while Tonto swung his horse west to join the tribe of his cousin, Stone Bear.

Shaken by the tragic news of the Potawatomis' fate, Stone Bear welcomed Tonto to his tribe. Although still a young man, Stone Bear was already chief of his people. Tonto knew that, among the plains tribes, the council of the elders usually picked one of its number to be chief. But Stone Bear's bravery and wisdom were so evident, despite his youth, that the council of elders had made an exception . . . and named a young brave as their chief.

Tonto could not have found a better sponsor among his adopted tribe than Stone Bear. His many-feathered war bonnet and his possession of the tribe's sacred calumet, or peace pipe, proclaimed to all that he was chief.



HIS HORSE



Now, a masked man mounted on a white horse, and an Indian beside him on a paint, means The Lone Ranger and Tonto are riding up. But Tonto didn't find his horse, Scout, until shortly before he rescued The Lone Ranger at Bryant's Gap.

It happened when Tonto came upon a wagon train that was cutting its way deeper and deeper into the badlands in an attempt to avoid hostile Indians. He offered his services as a scout. Soon, Cheyenne and Sioux smoke signals were seen on all sides of the wagon train, and an attack became inevitable. The only hope of aid was at Fort Brent. Tonto volunteered to try to reach the Fort. As he raced along, he noticed a wild horse, a powerful paint, easily pacing his own fast moving mount. Suddenly Cheyenne braves swooped down on Tonto. His horse was hit and fell. But, a well thrown toss of his lariat encircled the paint's head. Before the Cheyennes could reach him, Tonto leaped on the paint's back and urged him on. Swiftly, he outdistanced the Indian ponies.

After bringing help and relieving the attacked wagons, Tonto released the wild horse that had served him so well. At first, the paint started off for the open plains and freedom . . . but, in their short time together, a deep tie of friendship had been formed. The paint turned, trotted back to Tonto, and freely became his trusted mount. Proudly saddling and harnessing him, Tonto rode off on Scout.



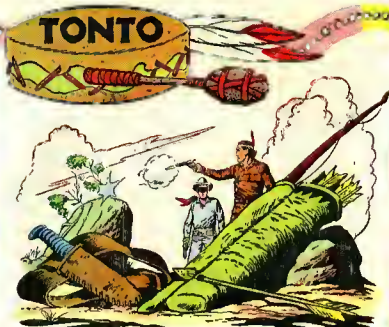
HIS KNOWLEDGE OF MEDICINE

Like all Indians living on the plains or in the woodlands, Tonto, at an early age, was taught by the medicine men how to use the plants and roots around him to treat wounds and cure illness. But for that knowledge, The Lone Ranger would not have been saved.

When Tonto found the badly-wounded ranger at Bryant's Gap, he carried him to a nearby cave. There was no doctor he could call on, nor did he have any of the white man's medicines. But Tonto's skill and knowledge of natural medicine was great enough to restore the wounded ranger to his full health.

Yarrow leaves, bruised so the juice was on their surface, were bound to the ranger's minor wounds. His more serious wounds Tonto treated with a paste made from the roots of the purple cone plant. Then he gave him juniper tea as a stimulant to bring back his strength. Soon, thanks to Tonto, the ranger was able to walk from the cave.

Even now, when riding with The Lone Ranger and packing a first-aid kit in his saddlebag, there are often times when Tonto's knowledge of medicinal herbs and plants serves them well.



HIS WEAPONS

Since he began drawing rein with The Lone Ranger, Tonto has learned to use the weapons of the white man. The Lone Ranger taught him how to swiftly draw and fire his Colt six-gun and the carbine he occasionally carries in his saddle holster.

But he learned to use two of his weapons as a young brave—his knife and his bow. His first knife was an Indian knife with a flint blade chipped to a fine point. Now he uses a steel-bladed knife.

His bow, like that of all plains Indians, is a short four-foot bow made of hickory and backed with sinew to strengthen it. The bow-string is made from twisted sinew. There have been many times when Tonto's bow has proved its usefulness. Once, a thin line tied to his arrow was shot across a raging river. Stranded settlers on the far side were then able to pull heavier ropes over and finally bridge and cross the dangerous flood waters. Often his silent arrows have struck with the same effectiveness as a bullet, but without revealing his presence by a loud report or a gunflash. So, for those special needs, Tonto still carries his Indian bow.



HIS CLOTHES

Living as he does with The Lone Ranger, Tonto has naturally adopted many of the white man's ways. Unlike Indian ponies, Tonto's horse is shod, and Scout carries a saddle and stirrups. Few Indians use pistols, but a Colt holster hangs from Tonto's belt as it does from the belts of most westerners.

But, in his dress, Tonto still preserves his Indian costume. His moccasins are the two-piece, hard sole type favored by the plains tribes. The upper part is made of a soft, tanned skin. After it was decorated, it was sewed to the strong rawhide moccasin soles that were cut to fit Tonto's feet exactly. His pants and shirt are made from durable buckskin, designed to stand up under rough wear. Tonto still wears his hair in Indian fashion and in his headband proudly stands his red feather.



HIS LANGUAGES

Although Tonto speaks broken English, he can always make himself clearly understood. His expression, "Get-um up, Scout!" may seem peculiar to us, but we should realize that English is only one of the many languages he speaks.

Among the plains tribes, there are seven main language groups. But often two tribes within one of the groups cannot understand the other! While the Dakota and Crow both have languages coming from the Sioux group, they have few words in common. So when Tonto left his Potawatomi camp, where he spoke a language of the Algonquin group, he had to learn a new tongue when he settled among Stone Bear's people. In the course of trading and traveling, Tonto has come to learn the languages of several other tribes as well.

To the Indian languages Tonto knows, must be added the unique, universal language of the plains tribes—sign language. But he also understands two more languages—smoke and blanket signals. So if Tonto's English is not perfect, it is worth remembering that it is only one of the many languages at his command.



HIS HOME CAMP

There are times when Tonto takes leave of The Lone Ranger to return home. And home to Tonto now means Stone Bear's camp.

There, a tent is always set up for his use, and Tonto knows where to find it no matter where Stone Bear's tribe camps, for the tents are always kept in the same relative positions. Whenever a new campsite is picked by Stone Bear, the first thing he does is mark the opening to the camp circle. The opening always faces east, toward the rising sun. Then the various bands or groups within the tribe raise their tents in the special places around the camp circle that are allotted to them. In the empty center of the circle the council tent is erected. When this tent is taken down, everyone knows that it is a signal that the camp will be moved.

Since Tonto and Stone Bear are cousins, they both belong to the same band. Tonto knows his tent is always to be found next to Stone Bear's, in the first group of tents to the left of the camp entrance, where, for countless moons, their band has always set up its tipis.

the Lone Ranger

MOVIE STORY

EPISODE III THE SHOWDOWN

NEXT MORNING, AS DAWN
REDDENS THE TIP OF SPIRIT
MOUNTAIN---

PRETTY NEAR EVERYBODY'S
AT PILGRIM CROSSING
BY NOW!

I'LL REMEMBER
ANY MAN WHO
STAYS AWAY!



WE'LL NOT NEED 'EM ALL!
THERE'S ENOUGH **DYNAMITE**
TO BLOW UP EVEN THE
HAPPY HUNTING
GROUNDS!

WHO LEADS
THIS NAG?
ANYTHING
HAPPENS,
WHOEVER'S CLOSE
TO HIM HASN'T A
CHANCE!



DON'T LOOK AT ME AS IF
I WERE YELLOW! WITH
THE DYNAMITE FUSED
AND CAPPED---

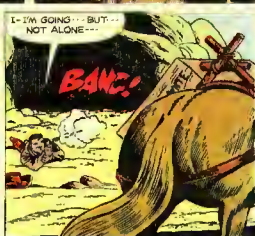
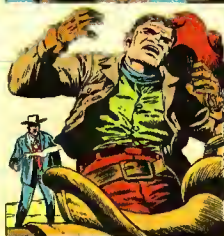
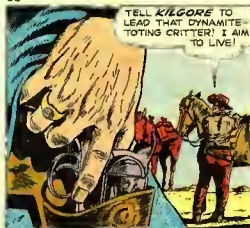
---GOSS RIDE
TO THE RANCH
AND **PACK
YOUR GEAR!**

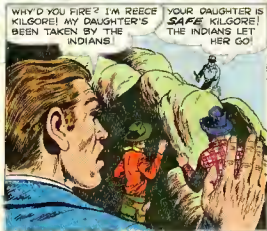
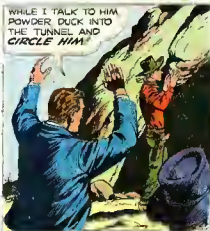


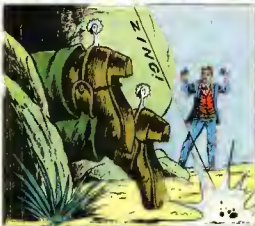
YOU'RE NOT FIRING ME THAT
EASILY! I'M WORKING FOR
WHAT'S IN **THERE---IF**
WE EVER FIND IT!

GOSS BE
CAREFUL
HOW YOU
TALK









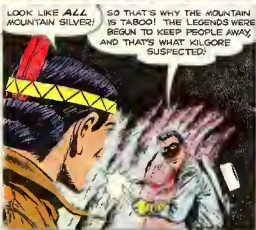
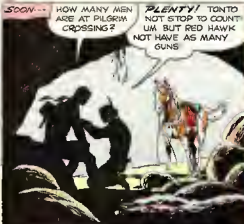


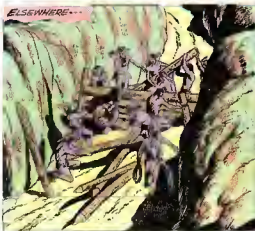
BUT AS THE LONE RANGER FIRES AT THE DYNAMITE STICK HE MOMENTARILY EXPOSES HIMSELF TO THE OTHERS BELOW, AND CASSIDY SNAPS A SHOT---

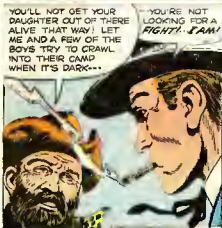
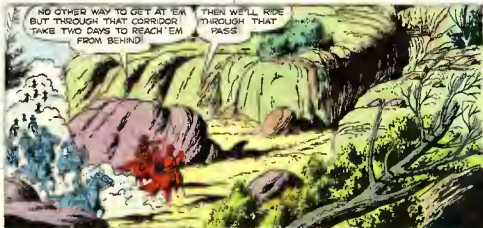




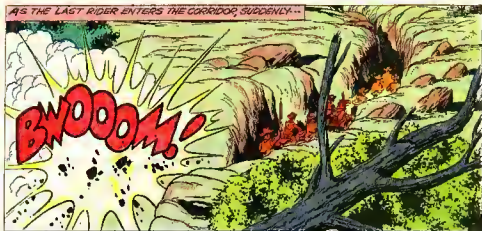


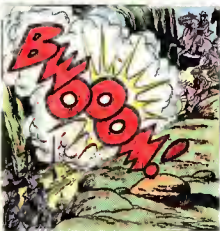
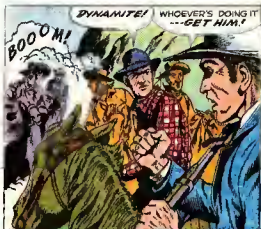






AS THE LAST RIDER ENTERS THE CORRIDOR, SUDDENLY--





AS MORE AND MORE DYNAMITE STICKS THUNDER BEFORE THEM, THE GRAVES TURN BACK IN PANIC----



MEANWHILE THE LONE RANGER KEEPS HURLING THE EXPLOSIVE STICKS BEHIND THE ATTACKERS----

CASSIDY, GET UP THERE BEHIND THAT MEDDLER!



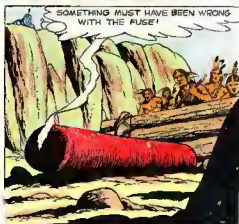
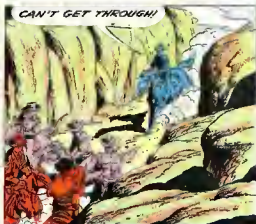
GIDDAP!



STEADY!

AFTER THIS ONE I'LL HAVE TO RELY ON JUST MY GUNS





THEN THERE IS A MINUTE OF GRIM SILENCE---

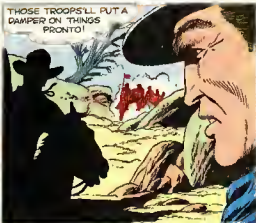


HE MUST HAVE RUN
OUT OF DYNAMITE--

---LOOK!



THOSE TROOPS'LL PUT A
DAMPER ON THINGS
PRONTO!



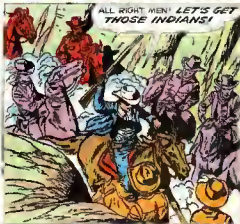
WE MAY BE IN TIME, CAPTAIN!

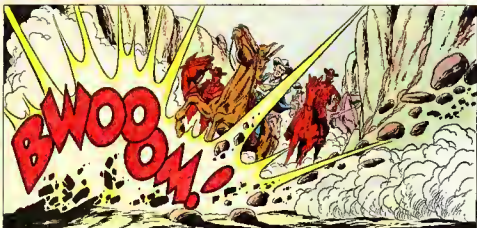
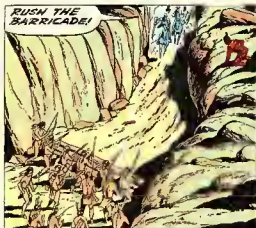


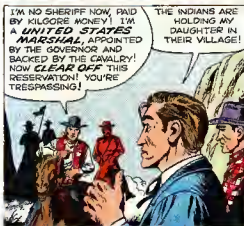
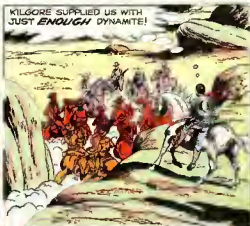
COME ON! IT'S NOW
OR NEVER



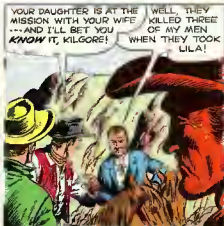
ALL RIGHT MEN! LET'S GET
THOSE INDIANS!





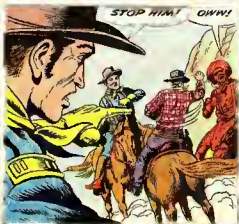


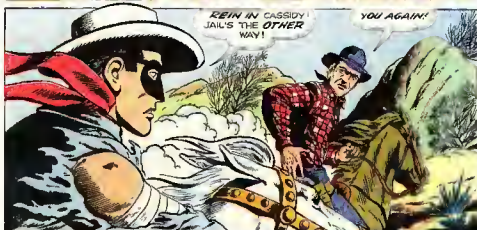
THE INDIANS ARE HOLDING MY DAUGHTER IN THEIR VILLAGE!



WELL, THEY KILLED THREE OF MY MEN WHEN THEY TOOK LILA!









TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE SPANISH WORKED A SILVER MINE ON SPIRIT MOUNTAIN USING INDIAN SLAVES! WHEN THE SLAVES REBELLED, DRIVING OFF THE SPANISH, THE MOUNTAIN BECAME TABOO---AN EVIL PLACE! KILGORE'S CURIOSITY LED HIM TO THE OLD TUNNELS!



WHEN RED HAWK'S PEOPLE HEARD THE MOUNTAIN GODS TALKING, IT WAS KILGORE BLASTING FOR THE SILVER VEIN! HE KNEW IT WAS THERE---BUT FIRST, HE HAD TO GET RID OF THE INDIANS! HE **FAILED!**



A FEW DAYS LATER---

YOU CAN RETURN TO YOUR RANCH, MRS. KILGORE! THE TRIAL'S OVER! CASSIDY TALKED, BUT IT DIDN'T SAVE HIM!

AS YOU PREDICTED, THE LITTLE GIRL WAS A PROBLEM! SHE'D BEEN TRAINED BY HER FATHER TO WALK IN HIS WAYS! SHE HAD HIS STRENGTH, BUT SHE WAS LEARNING TO IMITATE HIS WEAKNESSES! BUT NOW---



WE'RE NOT GOING EAST! WE'RE STAYING HERE TO MANAGE THE RANCH! LILA LOVES IT HERE, AND TOGETHER WE'LL MAKE THE KILGORE NAME A **GOOD** ONE!



HE LEFT BEFORE I COULD THANK HIM OR EVEN LEARN HIS NAME!

LIKE ALL WESTERNERS, YOU'LL LEARN HIS NAME STANDS FOR LAW AND ORDER! HE'S **THE LONE RANGER!**

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!



SILVER



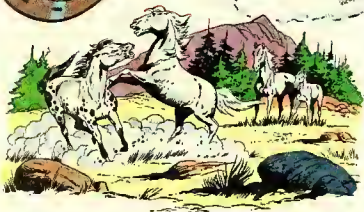
HIS HOME

Silver was born in a place where no man had ever trod—Wild Horse Valley. There the grass was green and lush, giant trees spread their leafy shade and great waterfalls spinned white mists.

In that valley, when Silver was scarcely two hours old, he first tried to stand on his slim, straight legs. Then, as his feeble steps became surer, he trotted after his mother and discovered all the wonders of his home. With her, he found the strength-giving summer grass and came upon the cool drinking places. It was in Wild Horse Valley that he first met his natural enemies, when he made his stand with the horses against a slinking wolf pack. There he was taught to be ever alert for the sudden attack of the mighty cougar. In winter, when snow covered the valley and ice was on the water, he learned to burrow beneath the snow for forage and use his sharp hoofs to break the ice so he could drink the freed water.

There he grew from a colt on wobbly legs into a great stallion whose speed no horse could match! All his early life was spent there, for Silver didn't leave Wild Horse Valley until after his parents' death.

SILVER



HIS PARENTS

Silver was born a prince, for his father was King Sylvan, leader of the horses who roamed Wild Horse Valley. His mother was the fine-looking Moussa.

All the horses in the valley were untamed mustangs, who had never known the restraining pull of reins nor the binding weight of a saddle. To rule them meant to be continually fighting all challengers and, time after time, Sylvan had to use his hoofs and teeth in the fierce struggle to maintain his leadership. But no horse could defeat Sylvan, for he was the fleetest and strongest of all the stallions. It was from the great Sylvan that Silver inherited his enduring power, and fearlessness.

From Moussa, his mother, Silver inherited other qualities—gentleness, grace and beauty. It was by her side that he learned to stand, walk, and finally to gallop until he could outdistance her, and even keep pace with Sylvan. Born of such parents, Silver was destined to be the mightiest horse who ever thundered across Wild Horse Valley.

SILVER

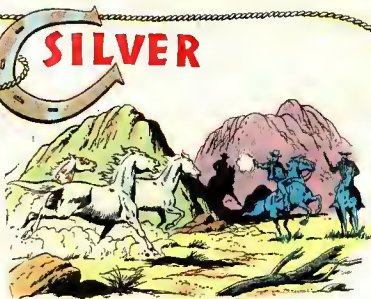


HIS FRIEND

While Silver was still a young colt in Wild Horse Valley, he made one very good friend, a black colt his own age—Scamper.

From the time he was able to leave his mother's side and go off on his own, Silver found he was shadowed by a dark colt who seemed to sense in Silver a born leader whom he wanted to follow. So Silver and Scamper roamed the valley and a dozen shared dangers strengthened their bond of friendship.

Together, they fought off the first bear they ever saw. The huge bear had trapped Scamper in a rocky corner, but Silver was able to divert the bear by charging in at him. As the bear swung in vain at the flashing Silver, Scamper was able to escape. Side by side, they explored every corner and height of the valley, Silver in the lead, Scamper following closely. For, from the time that Silver's warning whinny had kept him away from a hidden quicksand bog, Scamper knew he should trust Silver's judgment. And when the other horses saw two colts, one black, the other white, racing across the valley floor, they knew they were Silver and his good friend, Scamper.



HIS FIRST MEETING WITH MAN

Tragedy first came into Silver's happy life when Moussa died. At first, he couldn't believe the motionless horse would never rise, that Moussa's eyes would never follow him again. Sylvan firmly led Silver away. Then Silver became more attached to his father, fighting at his side to maintain their rule among the horses.

But one day, in the narrow entrance to the valley, strange creatures were seen. They rode on the backs of horses, tamed horses. Man had come to Wild Horse Valley! Sylvan sensed these intruders were hostile, enemies to be driven away. Whinnying loudly, Sylvan led the charge. Then fire, like lightning, flashed in the hands of the men. Thunder roared right behind the flame. One of the wild horses fell, but still Sylvan led the charge. The fury of the wild horses couldn't be resisted. Man's weapons flashed again, but the riders turned and raced off to save themselves.

Silver raised his voice in a cry of victory—but it was cut short. Sylvan lay on the ground before him—the mighty king was dead. On that day, Silver had seen man for the first time, known his terrible handiwork and thought he would hate man for all time.

SILVER



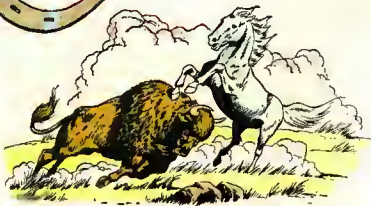
HIS NEW WORLD

His parents dead, there was little left for Silver in Wild Horse Valley but bitter memories. So for the first time in his life he started out the narrow entrance, galloping off into the strange, unknown world beyond.

For a long time he raced across the seemingly endless plains. Then, he scented horses. He found some locked up in a corral and, being lonely, he trotted to the fence. The rancher spotted the magnificent stallion and hurried out, lariat in hand. But when Silver saw the hated one—man, he charged. The amazed rancher grabbed for his gun, but Silver kicked the loathed weapon from his hand and thundered off.

But word quickly spread of the mighty white stallion. More and more ranchers pursued Silver. Once, cornered in a box canyon, he had to fight his way out. Another time, a lasso encircled his neck, but he shook it off and escaped. And as the legends of the great white horse grew, Silver knew that, now he was outside of Wild Horse Valley, he had become a hunted animal.

SILVER



HIS GREATEST FIGHT

As Silver fled from man, he suddenly came upon another strange creature—a muddy-colored, shaggy, humped beast—a buffalo. Silver tried to pass the hulking creature, but the buffalo snorted and barred his way. Rather than retreat, Silver accepted the unequal challenge.

The buffalo pawed the ground fiercely and then charged. Silver sidestepped, as the horns of the creature flashed harmlessly by and Silver raked his hide with his hoofs. But this only infuriated the buffalo more. He turned and charged again and again. Finally, he caught Silver, drawing blood from his side. Silver reared high and struck down with his hoofs—but his hoofs seemed to have no effect against the thick-skinned beast. Then the buffalo battered Silver to the ground. Twice, Silver rose, only to be knocked down again.

But as the buffalo drew back to make his final charge and finish off his gallant opponent, Silver heard the hated crack of a gun. But this time it meant help, not harm. The buffalo lurched forward and fell motionless before him. Silver was safe.

SILVER

HIS NAME



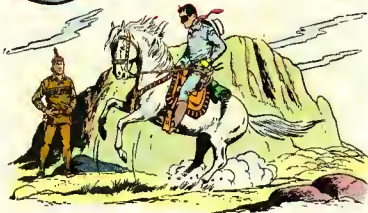
As Silver lay on the ground, badly wounded from the fight with the buffalo, he suddenly felt the gentle touch of human hands. Then Silver remembered Sylvan and his hatred for man returned—and here were two men, an Indian and a masked man.

It was The Lone Ranger whose guns had brought down the buffalo. While pursuing Butch Cavendish, his horse had been shot from under him. He desperately needed a new horse and here, as if by the design of destiny, was the fabled white stallion. "See how his coat glows, Tonto! Like Silver! Yes, if he were ever my horse there could only be one name for him—Silver!"

Silver heard the gentle voice and he felt the kindly touch of the men as they treated his wounds. He realized then that man was not always an enemy.

For two days the Indian and masked man cared for him. Then Silver was able to get on his feet. He started off, sensing that the masked man wanted him, but unlike other men, he respected Silver's courage and let him go. But with each step he took, Silver felt he was leaving behind a true friend and in the new world beyond Wild Horse Valley he knew he would need good friends—strong friends who still had kindly ways. Silver turned and raced back to the masked man who called him, "Silver!" And the great white stallion knew, from then on, that was his name.

SILVER



HIS CALL

When Silver returned to the masked man, he sensed The Lone Ranger's joy. Then suddenly, for the first time in his life, he felt the weight of a man on his back. The great white horse, seeking to show his new found happiness, reared up and came down on his forelegs without a jar.

"HIGH, Silver! High up!" the masked man called. Once more Silver reared. "AWAY!" ordered the masked rider. At first, Silver was confused. Then he felt the nudge of the man's heels on his sides and Silver started forward. "Hi there you, Silver, AWAY!" and Silver raced more swiftly.

As he galloped across the plains, he heard words of encouragement, "That's it, Silver! Hi you, Silver, away!" Faster the stallion raced and this time his masked master's shout was shortened into a ringing cry that swelled across the prairie and became his famous call to action, "HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!"

SILVER



HIS RETURN TO WILD HORSE VALLEY

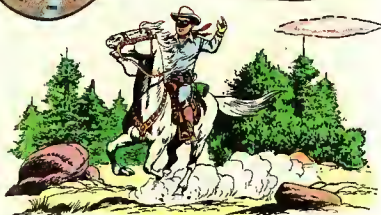
Shortly after Silver became The Lone Ranger's horse, they camped near the entrance to Wild Horse Valley. The call of home was too strong. Silver snapped his tether and started for the valley. When the masked man called to him, Silver was torn between two loyalties. The masked man sensed this and let Silver go to the valley.

Once inside the valley, Silver saw the great herd of horses that had been left leaderless and was scattered. Wolves preyed on the lone horses. Then Silver, in a fierce battle, saved a mare from a wolf pack. Quickly other horses rallied to him and the herd was reformed under Silver's leadership.

But a proud, strong, black stallion eyed Silver jealously and challenged his rule. In a hard fight, Silver finally won. Spent from battle, his body sore and aching, he missed the soothing touch of his human friends. Suddenly he knew there was a call even greater than the valley's—the masked man's understanding friendship. The black stallion had shown he was powerful and clever. To him, Silver left the reunited herd as he raced out of the valley.

When he reached the masked man's camp Silver knew he never would have realized how strong was his bond of friendship for The Lone Ranger if he hadn't been allowed to return to Wild Horse Valley.

SILVER



HIS BRIDLE AND SADDLE

When The Lone Ranger first began to ride Silver he realized a horse like his great white stallion deserved only the finest equipment and with patient care he outfitted Silver.

Silver's western style saddle was custom-made to fit his powerful back. While being made extremely strong, it was kept light enough so it wouldn't handicap his great speed. The trappings on his saddle were made of polished silver.

Silver's shoes are undoubtedly unique among all western horses. The Lone Ranger had his shoes specially forged from a silver alloy made from his secret mine. The light weight, but rugged, gleaming horseshoes help Silver gallop at his astounding pace.

Saddled, bridled and shod with the finest equipment, Silver stands ever ready to thunder across the plains to the masked man's call of "HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!"

filming the Lone Ranger movie



Most of THE LONE RANGER movie was filmed in the wild rangeland of southern Utah. And what this beautiful country didn't provide, the technical crew had to create. Certainly, the early settlers of the West would have been surprised to see the special effects men at work.

In a fight scene, where the script calls for The Lone Ranger to end the hand-to-hand combat with Chief Crazy Horse, by tossing him off a cliff into the water below, the crew had to raise the level of a two-foot stream to ten feet, in order to make it safe for the stunt. Using U. S. Army Engineer Corps equipment and tactics, they had to construct two dams across the stream.

In another scene, an entire mountainside had to be blown up to create a spectacular landslide. Fully 1,000 pounds of dynamite had to be used.

The worst difficulty encountered by the crew and cast was not, however, a part of the script.

For two straight days, the whole company was nearly washed down the Colorado River when an eight-foot wall of flood water thundered unexpectedly down the Virginia River from the Kaibab Mountains.

Ten minutes after the director had ordered all personnel and equipment to safe, high ground, a tremendous roar, like a runaway freight train, heralded the rampaging flood. Then the waters

struck. Two minutes later, a normally two-foot-high stream rose ten feet, overran its banks and swept across the roadbed which had just been evacuated. Even though precautions had been taken, there was considerable damage to equipment. Four vehicles had to be abandoned overnight; prop and video materials were lost; a twelve-tepee Indian village was partially destroyed, and the two dams which the crew had built earlier were completely washed away.

When the flood waters receded and the company began trudging their way back to the film site they had a pretty good idea of what kind of dangers frontiersmen and settlers encountered in the opening of the West.

A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

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